



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Intro"

Calling all dogs, calling all dogs  
Be on the look out for a big homo nigga with dimples  
And I'ma let y'all know somethin', it ain't just start here  
We've been preyin' on that ass since 'Jack the Ripper'  
And now its time to rip it to the jacker

(ahhhhhhhhhhhh .....)

### [Verse 1:]

No rapper could rap quite like I can  
You know who the fuck I am, I'm the canibus man  
I had to rock to a beat like this to show you  
That I'm iller then the future, the present, and the old you  
I told you, wish you could take it all back don't you  
Tried to smoke some canibus but canibus smoked you  
Calling yourself the greatest is something you don't do  
Cause after I humiliate you what will the G.O.A.T. do  
You can't rap or act my main man  
You goin' end up as an intern working for Def Jam  
See you was never bad enough to battle with Canibus  
You out of luck, I crushed you the minute I got tatted up  
And every lie you told just added up cause you wasn't man enough  
To be fair, but I'm mad a fuck and I've had enough  
Jack the ripper or I'ma rip the jacker  
Rape a rapper with a classic from his own masters  
You're dead

### [Verse 2:]

There's a rumor going around that I got dropped  
200,000 albums sold at 10 dollars a pop  
300,000 albums were shipped, you do the math  
Thats 3 million in 3 months so kiss my ass  
All these magazines tried to steamroll me to death  
Guess what, the G.O.A.T. ain't platinum and neither is 'Clef  
And I'm still here, inspite of all that shit them niggaz said  
The skinny kid, the music industry's guinea pig  
Tighter then ever, world's chief mic recca  
Tougher then reverend run's muthafuckin' leatha  
I'm hardcore, cum shot right in your wife's face  
You soft porn, you held hands on the first date  
See when you was making records like I need love  
Your homie Cornell was givin' it to you up the butt  
Plus I heard Simone was the high school slut

And she learned how to fuck before she knew how to cuss  
Nigga you're dead

*[Verse 3:]*

You married a slut and had kids with her to cover up your hustle  
You and your man Russell made a better couple  
Your probably mad as fuck, wondering where I got the information from  
Your being watched even when you take a dump  
Its impossible to front, you can't hide  
The chairs at your label got ears and the walls got eyes  
Your living one big lie the world just don't know  
You take a polygraph test that shit would probably explode  
The truth is mr. smith you got a fucked up attitude  
God knows that I pity your fans for backing you  
Yo, this be the realest shit I ever wrote  
You should change your muthafuckin' name from G.O.A.T. to G.L.O.A.T.  
The Greatest Liar Of All Time that cannot rhyme  
That cannot shine as long as I'm alive  
Your prime ended 8 months before '99  
And that microphone on your arm will always be mine  
Nigga you're dead

*[Verse 4:]*

I told you to leave it alone, but you was too stubborn  
Now your in a world where the hunter becomes the hunted  
Your wife is scared cause she don't want to lose a husband  
And somebody keeps paging you putting 4321 in  
You can't sleep at night thinking about the drama  
Shit stains all up in your phat farm pijamas  
Even f.u.b.u. gear looks hot until it touches you  
Probably because your father undoubtedly butt-fucked you  
Mama said knock who out? I'll punch that bitch in the mouth  
Cause she don't know what she talking about  
Ay yo, do me a favor when you see your ghostwriters  
Tell them the rhymes they wrote for you should have been a lot tighter  
You could have asked me, I'll write you some lines  
I'll do anything for the greatest loser of all time  
You still drippin' with wack juice 'cause you wack nigga  
If you want the last word you can have it, I'm still iller  
You're dead

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Genabis"

*[Genabis]*

This is Genabis, Remember this

*[Canibus]*

In the beginning I discovered wordplay  
I experimented with some syllables from the first to the third day  
On the fourth I searched for the words to say  
How to compress complex verbiage in the least amount of space  
I was perfect at it and mastered the tactic's  
On the fifth day I decided I would combine it with mathematics  
On the sixth day I became a fanatic and I couldn't kick the habit  
I would just look in the mirror and practice  
On the seventh cycle, I had to take the day off  
I was exhausted I guessed my work will never pay off  
But if it happened it to him, it could happen to me  
And if it happened to me, it was destined to be

*[Chorus: x2]*

Yo, Genabis, Exobus, Levitibus  
There ain't a mic on this planet I'm restricted to touch  
I read the cosmo's but God wrote predicted as much  
The inhabitants lack faith but resistance is tough

*[Canibus]*

They backslide back to church and call a minister's bluff  
They rather remain unenlightened then listen to Bus  
I blew the fuck up, even though it was short and abrupt  
I was the first rapper to ever to close orbit the sun  
One small step for man, one huge step for mankind  
...I am the red giant of rhymes  
Solar deflectors, incinerate you whole in a second  
Flow is untested those that I've threatened fold under pressure  
At 120 Beta cycles, high volts ignite your eyeballs  
Until you see the fire in front of you  
Optic cone rods, melt one at a time till you realize you in hell  
Rip the Jacker's not done with you  
I terrorize the rap community with impunity  
Blow you to pieces and move elusively thru the debris  
What my enemies want to do to me is old news to me  
Those that pursue to me will never get thru to me

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

First rapper to speak over beats dogmatically  
Mixed with Elizabethian drama and tragedy  
My motto is to dress casually and live lavishly

Look at the Victorian tapestry in back of me  
Notice the post renaissance pictures I drew  
Hand sketched drawings of the deserts in Nazca Peru  
The followable audio propogates the possible truth  
For proof I'm the illest so the choice is not unto you  
See the standard ideological definition of a rap model  
Its Canibus scholarly periodicals  
The article is substantially impressive, more then a message  
A working thesis from several different perspectives  
The Rosetta stone of sentences  
For rap music's tentative  
Enter apprentices  
This is Genabis  
The Rosetta stone of sentences  
For rap music's tentative  
Enter apprentices  
This is Genabis

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Levitibus"

"You want power...but you're not big enough  
so you steal it piece by piece..  
take it in spoils...and step by step you'll weaken and the power is gone"

Levitibus..

I wanted some power of the chakra  
with mofulean darkness describin what I see in the process  
stone statues surrounded by neolithic objects  
ceoglyphs on the pompa  
a dose of the palamine, niggaz will feel like a dream  
the dreamstate is the playground for the supreme  
critics attempt to follow a trend  
today they call me a Charlotten but tomorrow I will be a God of men  
to create a universe all I need  
is 1000, trillion, trillion degrees  
so with 22, betatrons in the cloud chamber  
keep the noise down so I don't arouse my neighbors  
got a message from the falcon in the snow man  
another note in a Coca Cola can  
showed the whole planet in coded program  
encrypted by a pro-scan modem with a lowband  
hold up, let me load it in

"Darling I am a scientist..(you're a person, you ought to think that)  
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)  
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I was created by intelligent design  
you are merely a descendant of the unmodified  
you diss me out of pride  
but when you're finished talkin bout one of your bitches you're simply out of rhymes  
even my worst album was sublime  
if I don't slow down, I'll distort the timeline  
back through the time, turned into a 100 bars again  
a master like the honorable Earl of Cannaben  
the grand architect  
used to be a partisan to LeMarketson's theory but I lost the bet  
no regrets, you live and you learn  
I'm through givin advice, I just give concern  
sterilize my hands to prevent catchin the germs  
and try to rebuild all the bridges I've burned  
I prefer modesty over con-troversy  
but what am I to do when these jerks keep botherin me  
jealious cuz they cant rhyme like me  
and they never had a scientific mind like me

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)  
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)  
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I'm above average with verbal semantics  
the aurora boralis in the form of a rap ballad  
you look at me like "poor bastard  
why cant you manipulate billboards with all your metaphor magic?"  
no matter how hard I practiced  
every microphone I sorta grabbed it  
obviously thats the wrong tactic  
I went through a long period of mourning and sadness when I wrote that Stan shit  
but if you wanna see some hardcore Canibus just say so  
and I'll come out the eggroll with seven death scrolls  
if you can find a better flow?  
then I can find a dinosaur on the Galapagos archipelago  
hey you shouldn't fall for the naivette  
lyrically I'm the illest when my beats is ok  
food for thought, nutrition for the whole brain  
keep your neurotransmitters warm on a cold day  
I'm ahead of my time, or so they say  
I guess thats why I already feel old and grey  
okay, thats enough knowledge for today, I'm killin em  
you best not forget it cuz this is Levitibus

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)  
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)  
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "M Sea Cresy"

"Those who create literature know first-hand  
just how difficult creating meaning can be..

..There are no options now..

...If I weren't a writer, I think I'd be a total psychological mess"

out of the imbelicus wombdee, this is lyrical lunacy  
from a human being that speaks so fluently  
bars of poetry without precedence  
complete par excellence, listen to the Levitibus Testament  
to understand me you need help  
you gotta see the film "The Day After Trinity" written by John Else  
to understand that, you must know thy self  
you should keep listening cuz Canibus flow might help

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps  
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me  
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps  
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict  
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk  
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but  
the incredible, lyrical, and original  
rapper's still with the crime on top"

find the answers that we didnt know, maybe Edgar Allan Poe's  
description of El Dorado is not so  
see the reason there's no light at the end of tunnel  
is cuz we're really not in a tunnel, we're trapped in a bubble  
the government hired Ian LeDrexis society  
can you explain why you believe hell is firey?  
we sufferin from symptoms of Drapetamania  
slavery isn't over, it just took a new alias  
the day the repository established with a maintenance  
almost turned me into an atheist scared of aliens  
why write lyrics when I make a better livin  
sellin freeze dried venom to wildlife clinics?  
cuz I hate the thought of bein a predictable bore  
once you get used to me you wont love me no more  
the final soliloquy of the internal paramour  
what are we all to do when rap music is gone?  
I hope god that the imagination of one  
a golden tongue can achieve synchronicity with the sun  
transcended beyond the flesh and the blood  
cuz this is #1, after this album my message is done

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps



...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me  
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps  
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict  
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk  
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but  
the incredible, lyrical, and original  
rapper's still with the crime on top"

yeah you can't battle me, so you'd rather embarrass me  
I maintain dignity in the face of calamity  
they reach out they hand to me and talk this honesty  
but I read through their syntactic structure like Nome Chopski  
a student so overzealous I motivate my trainers  
id rather get some now then get some later  
take a break from writin rhymes on paper  
you've been dissin my character  
change my nature with seven days of Opasanaf  
let go of the stress, man I was deeply depressed  
so famished in fact, I needed a rest  
to regenerate my mind  
bless the cornerstone of my rhyme with corn oil and wine  
to see the light in the luminous paradime  
that became more apparent with time, all I had to do was follow the signs  
to be a better man, I need help  
I just gotta find an inner link between my deity and myself

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps  
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me  
..Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps  
..off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict  
..I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk  
..please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but  
..the incredible, lyrical, and original  
..rapper's still with the crime on top"

"People are usually terrified of poetry  
and they don't realize that its just speech  
it is language that is sometimes extraordinary  
but there are ways to deal with it without worrying about it the way they do"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "No Return"

No return... [x6]

### [Verse One]

Yo, scientists gather in a secret place to debate  
They photographed the Earth from space and saw my face  
They tried to translate the innate asiatic shape  
before the final earthquakes came but it was too late  
Only one eighth of the human race escaped to space  
They were chased by flying phenomenon to the lunar base  
Floatillas and space centers, lasers probed the entrance  
DNA code sensors reject old genetics  
I presented my cosmic clearance to a patrol of medics  
I was injected with sodium pentathol and questioned  
I relayed the message the way I was trained to remember it  
I showed them the keypad code and told 'em to enter it  
I told 'em which alphanumeric buttons were sensitive  
He snatched it outta my hand and started depressing it  
I told him detonation was definite if he kept at it  
He never quit, he just lost his temper and flipped  
I bowed my head like "I guess this is it"  
My ears popped, the music stopped, and I couldn't hear shit

### [Hook]

### [Verse Two]

The driver jogged around to the front and opened the door  
He said his name was Muhammed Jamal and he'd be with me 'till fall  
He said the escort service had called  
and a package would be waitin for me at the window  
I said thanks, he grabbed my bags fast and put 'em in the trunk  
Then he ran around to the front, slammed it in gear  
Pulled off slow, winding down his window  
and asked me if I minded if he smoke, I said no, he drove off  
Cut my cell phone off, then I swallowed a tablet of Zoloft  
Went to sleep and woke up feelin' kinda lost  
I asked him what the weather's been like lately  
he said he doesn't mind the heat and hates the A/C  
Said he had a son who was eighteen and made beats  
and I happened to be his favorite emcee  
I said for real, that's crazy, I meet him later  
Yo Jamal could you please do me a favor  
When we get to the corner stop at the bodega  
Hopped out the car, walked inside  
the store's stereo was playin' Feliz Navidad  
I got a pack of condoms and walked to the back of the line  
There was three Taliban that was talkin' very loud  
One reached in his back side and pulled out a Beretta gun

The last word I heard myself say was a four letter one  
He looked me in the eye and said the drama's never done  
Cuz there's no return...no return

*[Hook]*

*[Verse Three]*

I heard the ringtone of the red phone  
Headquarters informed us there was an explosion in the red zone  
We were ordered to get ready to go  
and to get into our bio-weapons protective gear and clothes  
I rode shotgun, my partner Ramirez drove  
GPS control gave us coordinates where to go  
Soon as we got there I could feel the hot air  
For a second I stopped and stared, there was cops everywhere  
I told 'em we need to get a square perimeter clear  
We got an hour 'till nightfall, so light some flares  
I said a twenty second prayer then ran to the second chair-  
the lift that was there, then I waved my hands up in the air  
to signal that it was clear before I ran upstairs  
I could barely see, smoke was so thick in the air  
I was visually impaired and started to get scared  
I heard a woman scream "HELP" but I didn't know where  
I started screamin' back "I'm not gonna leave you here"  
Sayin to myself "damn it's hard to breathe in here"  
Searched the rooms one by one like "fuck my lungs"  
Ramirez said the fire truck got stuck by the front  
I crawled all the way through the foyer to the end of the hallway  
and seen her on the floor next to the doorway  
I was half unconscious but I just ignored the pain  
Helped her to her feet and she had her arm in a brace  
All this tar-like black stuff was all in her face  
I radio Ramirez coughin and tried to explain  
I heard him say something to me like "It's all in flames!"  
There was ceiling debris fallin all over the place  
I looked her in her eye, she looked into mine, it was strange  
Then I blinked for the last time and never saw her again

*[Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Spartibus"

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, This is Spartibus

Yo, yo, yo

You wanna spar wit 'bus, then let's get started 'cuz  
Atomic thrusts turn you into cosmic dust  
Bomb ya borders with Japanese Spigot mortars  
Recompose your composition to sawdust  
Time is breath; breath is life; life is light  
Light is no less than capital 'C' on the mic  
Beneath the mirage of night I'll attack you twice  
Prepare to rig a sacrifice with my ritual rights  
Reinforce my habitual likes 'n dislikes  
Then diss you on the mic cause I'm sick o' the hype  
No one's ever written what I write  
Compare they calligraphy type  
Tell me yo how can I not be nice  
The royal semen of Caesar frozen in a cryofreezer  
On sale for seven figures per milliliter  
Lethally illegal; I speak to the people  
In the form of an eagle on top of the Theves Cathedral  
With boundless knowledge, like hairless dalai'lamas  
With linen garments neatly wrapped around armpits  
With monasteries in the mountains  
Trumpets have already sounded  
You can't denounce my crown bitch

*[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]*

Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm *[x4]*

Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

*[Canibus]*

This game is Chinese chess, countless issues need to be addressed  
Before the East nukes the West; totalitarianistic cause-'n-effect  
"Run the words through a decompressor, recompress the depth"  
Canibus is the most explosive next to meth  
The inconsistency of the text, makes me complex  
Pay attention to 'bis my intention is this  
Leave you spatially adrift suspended in the abyss  
Marijuana plant owner, smell my aroma  
Contract scirrhou carcinoma and retinoblastoma  
Confederate federal general the electric general  
FCC omni-directional antenna poles  
IFF, identification friend or foe  
This areas restricted don't let 'em thru  
He'll mock your style, rock you to the ground  
With the bite force of a Sarcosuchus crocodile

Travel a fiber optic mile before you can smile  
So don't ask me why, and don't ask how

*[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]*  
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm *[x2]*  
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

*[Canibus]*  
Until I'm impressed with the print I can hear a pin drop like Sprint  
Once it blends I can stop right then  
Quantum coupling mechanisms and technical shit  
Confuses you but I don't think your any less of a dick  
Just define what is poetry and what is rap  
I demonstrate how to effectively +Bridge the Gap+  
The answer is simple in fact:  
If the protons don't attack the retina, all we'd ever see is black  
No ability, no extraocular motility  
Silly emcees can't see me lyrically or visually  
They'll never be better than me  
I'll triple team 'em with a trinity severed to 3 and give 'em 9 enemies  
Climb back to periscope depth in 2 hours  
Surrender and throw in the towel  
The amalgam of the ultimate album  
This is (Spartibus) power *[echoes]*

*[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]*  
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm *[x4]*  
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Indisible"

*[Canibus]*

I translate images over the distance  
Usually inflation premiss to the minus thirty-two second  
Back to the Canibus era  
My eponym is apparent  
Those who hear my efforts gotta give me the merit  
Off lyrics alone I'm a legend  
But I can't take credit, the English language was not my invention  
It's the way I put it together  
The incorrect English editor  
Can't nobody ever do it better  
People forget but the history will remember  
I plead guilty to the charge and accepted the sentence  
Let the records show I resisted under the pressure  
My short and precise to raise the measure

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*

Hip-hop forever  
That's what I see when I look in the mirror  
Regardless of whether I'm not a bestseller  
I'm a first class spitter  
The literal literature ripper  
Painting pictures for intelligent listeners  
From any and all dispositions  
The fusion of what's written creates a fission called Canibus-ism  
The intellectual division of science and religion  
People waste their momentum trying to defend it  
All I do it put it to ink then put it to print  
See what you think, maybe I should speak to a shrink  
I could fix the way they look at the world  
They read all these books in a barrel  
But they can't think for themselves  
Self-contained, I'm all balls, belts and brains  
Muslim strong 'cause no one ever help Germaine

*[Hook]*

*[Canibus]*

Observe the whole world's pain  
And tell me you ain't tired of brain  
The catholic faith will never be the same  
You could be put in chains 'cause you got a Muslim name  
Sent to Guantanamo Bay and tortured for days  
Man, I'd rather buy some land and grow an orchard of grapes  
Drink vegetable juice and stay away from steaks and shakes and snakes

These rancid corporations is fake  
Nobody ever gives you what they already didn't take  
Invest the wake, you'll be broke till you break  
Man you learn to pick a lock you wanna open a gate  
I mimic hater like flight simulators in air bases  
Recovered from an adverted spinner, now I'm famous  
Those who respond to Rip the Jacker with hate  
Show poor taste and only exacerbate their fate  
MicClub.net, get it right motherfucker  
Get it right, get a mic

*[Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Showtime At The Gallow"

This is Showtime at the Gallows

Rip The Jacker

Yo, I dialogue wit Amen-Ra 'til he gives me the nod  
Or replaces me wit a supercomputer automaton  
I don't barter for time I'm a martyr to rhymes  
And a selfish soldier wit pride that was ordered to die  
A burnin' star in the sky my heart is warped wit a drive  
Expressin' thoughts through a rhyme my metaphors are alive  
It's like I've been crucified they hate me now like Nas  
They punctured me through my side the bleeding was cauterized  
I was revived after I died  
Only then I saw how I was truly admired and worshipped like a god  
Shit'd mired up my mind they showed me a sign  
I fell off the ocean liner someone throw me a line  
Let the world know the truth but it became my demise  
Mothafucka you know we even I don't owe you a dime  
Sometimes I feel like killin' myself they've stolen my shine  
I wanted to be the illest for a moment in time  
From the ink to my pen to my pad to the ink in my arm  
How can one diss song possibly last this long?  
Tyson ain't the champ no more them days is gone  
And Rip the Jacker ain't too stubborn to say when he's wrong

### [HOOK]

I should get twenty dollars and go to Econolodge  
And tie the sawed-off trigger around the doorknob  
Call the police squad and tell them I'm in room one oh five  
And that a dirty bomb's inside  
Woke up in the cargo plane playin' Christy Lane  
For some entertainment while I train in the misty rain  
"One Day at a Time Sweet Jesus" is playin'  
I'm sittin' there prayin' you prolly can't believe what I'm sayin'  
But the voice in the back of my head keeps sayin' "Germaine  
This is the real deal man this is not a dream this is not a game  
The only sixteen you got from now on is locked  
and loaded and in your hand  
Deploy or detach on land you the man  
And the pain is the weakness leavin' the body, understand?  
I can reload wit a full pack call COMSAT  
Tell them you need suppressive fire for troops in the back stat  
Insurgence and counter-insurgence move wit a purpose  
Absolutely mission critical you never get nervous  
Applicate the shock tube to the surface  
Standby blow it eyes open wit the scope on the terrorist  
Tell him to go to hell in Arabic put a bullet through his narrow neck



Watch the wall behind him get wet  
I'm an animal I'll murder you and stare at your pets  
Get the tape I know where the surveillance cameras is kept

*[HOOK]*

If you want a confession? you got it  
You want product? Gimme twenty dollars  
You want gossip? I'll give you logic on any topic  
Recordin' the positive data  
Ripper's the best rapper go confirm the status  
One million page dissertation written on paper  
Cheap label from Pitney Bowes' tree curator  
My purification process is greater  
But thinly tapered verbatim  
My album is equal to over fifty acres  
Can-I-Bus before the Big Bang  
And after the big crunch I only gotta say it once  
Let there be light and I write a sentence  
The greatest discovery since 'opethicus afarensis  
Back to before Sumerians landed on the Cayman  
In the Caribbean carryin' bacteria with antigens  
And Nine-foot stone mannequins  
The key to nuclear power and four delivered talaria  
Showtime at the gallow the Age of Aquarius  
And Space Harrier's life's last barrier

*[HOOK]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Psych Evaluation"

Yo

Some say the pen overpowers the sword  
The video camera is just as powerful when it records  
Appallin' footage of cops breakin' the law  
Mad at you because of what you saw, now they breakin' ya jaw  
I been accused, of bein' internally preoccupied  
'Cause the rhymes talk to me, and I talk to the rhymes  
Clinically induced impulses reveal what's hidden  
Written prescriptions, given by qualified clinicians  
Lafayette peg boards be spinnin on turn tables  
To determine the motor coordination available  
Those able to speak what I spoke, repeat my quotes  
My systematic treatment approach, be deep in they throats  
I inject the frontal lobe of the brain with a lethal dose  
Of unspeakable dope, worse than opium smoke  
Well-spoken like Washington Post, or a Fox News Network host  
Scale intelligence like Wechsler Adults  
Nonnormative data, brain storage matter couldn't capture  
A couple years ago they had to put it on Napster  
Ressurrect Rip the Jacker, rip these rappers  
For every second the clock ticks, I'm a attack ya

*[HOOK]*

The C-A-N dash I dash  
B-U-S gets the last laugh, before the critical mass  
In half the speed of a bulb flash  
Fire engulf that ass, into a mole hill of charcoal ash  
Only to be blown away by a cold draft  
Wack emcees got no chance, it's so sad  
They say to Canibus, "Will you ever run out of things to say?  
How much breath can a man breathe in a day?"  
Needless to say, I think it's kinda deep in a way  
People be like "Bis is too ill, keep him away"  
It's a good thing I got patience  
I been waitin here longer than Dr. Levinson's time equations  
Tryin' to figure out what made men  
Was it inflation, or are we just a product of the apes then

*[HOOK]*

You think because I'm not on a major I can't bus'  
And because I come from the ghetto that I can't adjust  
Yeah my disposition was rough  
But it turned me into a quick learner, all I need now is some luck  
I used to be a undisciplined piece of fecal matter  
A underdog rapper, but I closed that chapter

I deal wit my adaptive difficulty faster  
And question my projected technique as a rapper  
I've lost interest in the battle glory and glamor  
But I cant control Rip the Jacker, when he gets amped up  
It doesn't matter, we all got a dark side  
A loud mouth, Mau Mau from the Apartheid  
Yo you wanna earn your respect, then come to micclub dot net  
And see if you can impress the best

*[HOOK]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Cemantics"

Aiight yo  
Let's talk about the incredible rap flow  
We can have a Dinner for Five with John Favreau  
See it comes to me natural  
One of my integral attributes, is to be lyrically tactful  
I can prove who's nicer, who's not an emcee  
Through falsifiable scientific hypothesis  
In recent times, I find it's never been about the rhymes  
The game is very politicized  
Those who sympathize with they hearts and minds  
Show hatred through the mouth, body language and eyes  
Sometimes I say to myself, why do I even try  
In spite of whatever happens, I love it until I die

### *[Chorus]*

If you don't believe in the other dimensions you been duped  
They're the main ingridience in this cosmic soup  
See the mouse?, grab it  
Edit the edges with Avid  
Is this the picture of a duck or a rabbit  
You see ass and tits?, welcome to madness  
Please, try to interpret the following passage  
Magenetohydrodynamic mechanics  
Translated into Canibus language you'll never understand it  
It's on when the crowd is cheering me on  
Waving they arms, like they doing Falun Gong  
Firearms three quarters of a million troops strong  
In a single file line, stretched out a mile long  
Thermodynamics of the second law  
Isolated physical systems lead toward greater disorder  
Across the dry desert in the featureless sand  
Water is secondary to the meaning of man  
I know but I won't tell  
There's more to the human race than polymers proteins and protocells  
Chemical evolution, L- and D-form sudunits  
That come from the love of Hip Hop and Rap music

### *[Chorus]*

The scourge of the words, I attack the earth with  
I bet you submerge dry and emerge wet, what you think?  
Confuse my shrink with english, the publication refuses to print  
My daughter likes blue, and my son likes pink  
Man, give me a drink  
What kind of world are we living inn? I think it stinks  
Whatever life you live, it's a quick-sited quiz

If you percieve something to be real maybe it is  
Force your kids to listen to Dead Prez, before they go to bed  
Send them to school, put them in special Ed  
Reinforce their paranoia of the feds  
Make sure they grow dreads and they live on the edge  
The philosiphy of the hard-knocks, pan-psychics sit on the block  
And attempt to talk to rocks  
In the projects where they harvest the human crop  
Organic robots that bleed when they get shot  
If you can survive or thrive in the Jamaican ghetto  
You deserve a Congressional medal  
My heart goes out to all the young bloods  
The heart has reasons the mind knows not of  
From the first to the twelfth month  
I keep a twelfth pump in the trunk, for the day when Hell comes  
Was invincible on the mic when I held one  
My motto was to blaze all and spare none  
I came, I saw, I conquered, now they're just an empty void  
Mic Club come holla at your boy

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Poet Laureate II"

*[Sampled Intro: same outro from Poet Laureate]*

Uhh I dont understand how a writer could ever get writer's block, so called  
My problem is having too much.. and being unable to get it down...

*[Canibus]*

Yo, why is the ripper so ill?

That would be a unpardonable breach of confidence for me to reveal!

He said "One of these days, all eyes would be on me  
when they look up in the sky and see the neon C"

Rhymes inscribed on a nickel disk encased  
in glass with an ion beam for longevity

For more then 10 centuries, impressions and memories  
the first time the machine inventor will mention me

Canibus was a visionary indeed

he believed light could travel in multiples of C

The organic supercomputer that solved the mysteries  
of Clan Calusa with 2 blue metric rulers

Liked Cool J, but thought Stephen J. Gould was cooler  
and he never liked to propagate rumors

Smoked Canary Island cigars

liked America, luxury cars and beautiful Asian broads

He had a strong mind, he used to philosophize  
about rhymes while he was pruning his Banzai

He claimed that he had written the greatest rhyme of all time  
but he would never take it out his archives

He wrote 2 songs per day

and was constantly was experimenting with his wordplay

In his youth he did a report on the Sloan Digital Sky survey  
he got an F but he deserved an A

I followed his career from the first day

it seemed the lack of support contributed to his inert ways

I seen him pull in 24 hour workdays  
with deferred pay, undeterred by the word "shame"

Public humiliation was the worst pain

he was spinnin out of control like a class 5 hurricane

He said he wouldn't want another MC to suffer the same

Especially when there's nothing to gain

He was the illest alive but nobody would face it

he spit till his toungue was too torched to taste, it  
properly funded corporations carbon dated his latest creations  
to extract the information

They found it utterly amazing

they claimed the body of his work was the same thing as a priceless painting

Never mattered to him, the art galleries hated him  
cause Thomas K.K. called, said he would take 10

Complete enigmas wrapped in puzzles encrypted in language  
with sound but without shape or signature

Kept files in his garage, on MS-DOS  
in a fire-proof pod, he thought it was odd  
Outside there was a shed with an Oppenheimer lock  
he apparently kept more wax than Madame Tussaud's  
We were in total awe, cause it blew our minds  
so many rhymes that were intricately designed  
He WAS Poet Laureate of his time  
and if you dont mind, Id like to share some of his rhymes

*[beat switches]*

Alone in my room, looking thru the 32X telescope zoom  
adjusting the focus of the moon  
One should not assume the philosophy of David Hume  
is nothing more than a subjective conclusion  
What is the maximum field rate application?  
the run away glaciation surrounding the ocean basin  
affects the population, fluctuation  
on a continuous basis but thats just the basics  
The juxtaposition of Canibus's position  
the precision something no other has written  
Way above and beyond what was intended  
the unparallel Malleable annunciation of a sentence  
You didnt go to college obviously  
I can tell by your ungodly unintelligible terminology  
A remarkable odyssey, the rhymes of modern speeds  
when the brain orders the body not to breathe  
Incompetency is not up to speed, you not in my league  
you couldnt possibly be hotter than me  
Or oppositely your minus 25 degrees, you'd squeeze  
but the condensation makes rifle barrels freeze  
Allow me to speak figuratively, nigga please  
my intellectual properties are about the size of Greece  
Your counselor advised you not to speak  
my counselor advised me to keep rhymin until they stopped the beat  
In the words of Joseph Heller, "I learned how to write better"  
even though it sort of urked me  
He said he didnt understand the process of the imagination  
but he felt he was at its mercy  
Which exploits my point perfectly and certainly reinforces  
the reason why nobody's probably ever heard of me  
Couldnt understand what I mean by ill  
unless you try to translate what I print to film  
This is the line of will, the circle of time  
the cycle of eternity, the emergence of 1 line  
Academic phonetics render critics tounge-tied  
Ive personified dry humor of cum-laude alumni  
A wise man sees failure as progress  
a fool divorces his knowledge and misses the logic  
And loses his soul in the process  
obsessed with nonsense with a caricature that has no content  
My style is masterful, multi-lateral  
I could battle a fool and be naturally cruel

Words of scorn are a disasterous tool  
from an existentialist's view, I'm a better rapper then you  
Grab the mic and rip your physical fabric in 2  
my attitude is fucked up but abrogable  
Different methods interpreted into different forms  
from entirely different perceptions and seen from different norms  
Not to spit in the palm theres much more involved  
theres much more pieces of the puzzle for you to solve  
48 orders of mechanical laws  
and rays of creational cause, enhance the cadence of my bars  
Maybe I am self-obsorbed  
but thats the effect, to find the cause you should ask my A&R  
Today is what it is, but only because yesterday was what it was  
permitting you heard of Beezlebub  
A tale of demons and drugs, pissy drunk in the club  
with the DJ doing the needle rub  
Chances are you'll never see me son  
yeah I know my names Canibus but I cant help you if you need a dub

*[beat switches]*

I came to holla at some big booty bitches  
and listen to the speakers thump, where you get conceited from?  
Im so nice on the mic, they wanna beat me up  
its deep as fuck, I ain't seen it all but I've seen enough  
Really unbelievable stuff  
theres a lot of times where I wanna speak but I'm stuck  
I should leave this rap shit alone  
and kick my incredible in rhymes in the privacy of my own home  
My imagination is my own  
delibity to speak to freely lyrically on the microphone  
Wit a pen in my hand, I bring motion to the enyogram  
and become "Cani-millenia man"  
Grave my back with the emperor's stamp  
been spittin scientific rap since the 17th century began  
Tryna' escape the wicked empire of Def Jam  
and the land where lyrics are bland and heretics hang  
Every warrior has an axe to bury  
but he has to learn to discern between enemy and adversary  
I said to myself, "Germaine this is insane  
It's suicide its controlled flight into terrain"  
I fought to regain, control of the plain, but went up in a ball of flames  
and got banned from the hip-hop hall of fame  
For two bars I kept hearin in my head  
over and over again, it cost me everything

*[beat changes back to the original beat]*

I'm convinced now that more then truth is at stake  
Where people create language that pretends to communicate  
Euphamisms are misundertood as mistakes  
but its a bi-product of the ghetto music we make  
From an extroverted point of view I think its to late



Hip Hop has never been the same since '88  
Since it became a lucrative profession as a misconception  
in the movement in any direction as progression  
Even though of the potency of it lessens  
big money industries writing checks to suppress the question  
And nobody gives a fuck no more, no one goes to the book store  
ever since the influence of Moore's Law  
But I stay in the lab, like Niels Bohr  
his son Aage, Edward Lawrence, and Leo Szilard  
Lyrically I take rap music and turn the knob  
to the right full throttle and added panache  
Why would I argue with my own conscience over the truth?  
That's like me telling myself don't tell me what to do  
Dialysis and analyses of battle MC's  
sometimes I say things I myself can't believe  
My lyrical is so skillfully elliptical  
I can understand how it makes you miserable  
You wonder why I never let you play your beats for me  
or why I keep my studio shrouded in secrecy  
You wonder what's my infatuation with Alicia Keyes  
"Canibus why don't you speak to me?"  
Yo, I meant it when I said no one can shine on a song that features me  
That's why I said it so vehemently  
You need to replace the hate with respect  
I'm probably the best yet, Poet Laureate!!!

*[Sampled outro]*

Generally I take.. I go with the given..  
ya know with what comes to me .. over the celestial wireless ..  
whenever it comes, you're lucky when you get it..